

# MORNING HERALD.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1837.

MOTTO OF THE HERALD.—Take no shiploaders—damned rogues who issue them—live temperately—drink moderately—when temperance societies take care of the sixpence—never trust a saint—go to bed at 10—rise at six—never buy on credit—four God Almighty—love the beautiful girl—vote against Van Buren—and kick all politicians and parsons to the devil.

The SOLVENT List of merchants will, if possible, be published on Monday morning in time for the packet. Merchants are requested to call at our office and look at the proof sheet, so that it may be correct. Along with this List, we shall give a full analysis and history of the causes which sustained those houses during a revulsion the severest of modern times. Two-thirds at least of our merchants weathered the hurricane. We have a list of five hundred names already.

Unless the Sangreter paper factory gives us a little better paper, we shall have to give them the slip. That's all.

## The Vexed Question—Separation of Bank from State—Analyzed and Settled.

The great topics of the day are a divorce of bank and state—a separation of the government from the paper system—the loco-foco opinions of Mr. Calhoun—the conservative notions of Mr. Webster, &c. &c. Now, on all these subjects the most profound ignorance exists in the minds of almost every public speaker, and every public print. Fanaticism, prejudice, ignorance, impudence, prevail on these matters to a most prodigious extent.

Where shall we go for information? Where, but to those who have experience? Who have this experience? The merchants—the merchants—the merchants alone. Let us therefore look back to the history of the union between bank and state, only as regards this city for the last five years. A brief glance will throw a noon day's radiance over the subject.

In 1833, the banks of this city, after an intrigue of two years and six months, procured the great bulk of the funds of the government, but it was not till 1834, or perhaps the beginning of 1835, that they were left in undisputed possession of the prize. During this period, the surplus revenue began to increase each year, principally by the great excess of imports in the Atlantic cities, and the prodigious sales of public lands in the West.

But this connection between the government and the banks, beginning in 1833, did not develop many of its adulterous results during 1834. That period may be considered the "honeymoon" of the union of bank and state. First love is always engaging, and nothing especially unusual marked their conduct, unless it was a little favor here and there to the relations of the bank managers. But as the surplus revenue began to increase, and the banks began to get rich in dividends and profits, the evils of the system indicated strong symptoms of fraud, avarice, corruption and tyranny.

In 1835, many of the bank managers began to fill up the columns of Wall Street, with their cousins, nephews, sons, brothers, as agents and brokers to do business in shoving notes and loaning money to merchants. The surplus government funds, in the Wall Street banks about the middle of 1835, amounted to nearly \$5,000,000. About the same period, the interest on commercial paper began to shoot beyond the legal rate. At first, 8, 9 or 10 per cent was thought a heavy and onerous demand upon those merchants, who had been previously refused discounts at the bank.

If our commercial readers will turn to the files of the Herald, of that date, they will find recorded in our Wall Street Reports, the first germs of the adulterous connection of the banks and the government, indicated by a very moderate usurious rate of exchange and interest.

Towards the fall of 1835, as the surplus money increased in the banks, the interest on commercial paper, and the pressure in the money market, also increased. The mode by which the banks availed themselves of their corrupt connection with the government, to tyrannize and lord it over the merchants, is well known in this community. Let us give an example. When a merchant wanted to procure a discount at the legal interest, he presented his note at the bank, indorsed and fortified as usual. Next day on going to ascertain the fate of his note, he was met by the cashier with a smile—

"Serry we can't do your note—money very scarce—hard times—never saw such times."

In the afternoon, or the next day, a secret agent of that very bank, would, perhaps call upon the merchant and ask whether he did not want money.

"Yes, I do—I have some good notes."

"Show me them." He was shown them.

"I'll do them for you at 1 1/2 or 2 per cent per month."

Having been refused all accommodations by the banks, the merchant was thus compelled to pay the high interest for the sum of money.

Now, in almost every instance, the broker who transacted such business would be the secret agent of the bank. This, therefore, was the perfection of the corrupt system caused by the adulterous connection between the banks and the government. In 1836, this system extended itself to every bank in Wall Street. Legitimate discounts to merchants, not possessing a control in any bank, was a thing unknown, unheard.

The surplus funds of the government, which the banks held without paying interest, was thus the origin of this singular system of oppression upon the whole mercantile community. All the other banks followed the same atrocious example. Even the country banks began to curtail their legal discounts to their country customers, for the purpose of sending their funds to New York, to be forced upon our merchants at 2, 3 or 4 per cent per month. The spirit of avarice spread wide and far. Beginning in the year 1835, at 8 per cent interest, the value of money in January and February, 1837, had reached the extraordinary price of 50 per cent interest, for good securities, and on some occasions, the best merchants in New York had to pay, for particular sums, at short dates, as much as 80 or 90 per cent interest.

We make these statements solemnly, seriously, calmly, before the whole community of New York, and we dare the corrupt banks to deny the assertion or the fact.

The consequences of this system, originating in the union of bank and state, soon began to develop itself in society, in commerce, in morals, in legislation. The whole trading community was converted into two classes—the few shavers and the many shaves. The banks divided their 12, 13, 14, and 17 per cent per annum, on a charter that only allowed 7 per cent for the loan of money. The old banking houses were pulled down, and splendid marble or granite palaces were erected. Look at the glorious temple in Wall Street, built by the Bank of America. The bankers, with their whole array of cousins, sons, nephews, relatives to the third and fourth generation, set up splendid equipages and astonished the world with soirées, price \$2000 each, and tableaux vivants, at which all the beauty of the city congregated. Extravagance, pride, licentiousness were spreading like the cholera on the surface of society, while avarice, usury, ruin, insol-

veny and disgrace were eating secretly into their very vitals. Cast back the eye of imagination to the summer and winter of 1836, and the spring of 1837. It is calculated that during that period the mercantile classes paid to the banks and their secret agents their whole capitals in usurious interest. On the 1st of January, 1836, the surplus revenue, the basis of these extortions, was estimated at \$8,000,000, and on the same day and month of the present year, it had increased to \$12,000,000. It is highly probable, therefore, that from the month of July, 1835, when the rate of interest began to increase, up to the 11th May, 1837, a period of two years, the 1000 merchants in New York paid \$20,000,000 to the twenty banks and their secret agents in extra usurious interest. The banks, in their own statements, claim \$6,000,000 of profits, and it is probable the balance, \$14,000,000, went to their secret confederates. The consequence of this system, was the failure of 350 houses between the 17th March and 10th of May, and the extension of many others that did not openly fail.

These are solemn, undeniable facts. We charge it upon the banks, one and all. It was the result of the intimate and corrupt connection between the government and those institutions, and its effects have been more blighting to the commercial community of New York, than the Great Fire of December, 1835. Who then, knowing these facts, dare rise up in this community and cry out that such a connection ought to last for a single day longer? Let them be separated for ever. Let the government go on its own hook—and so let the banks do. Destroy all surplus revenue. Give the government the power to collect taxes equivalent to its expenses, and no more. The whole financial difficulties of the last six years have grown out of the disgraceful, adulterous, rotten, corrupt, and lamentable connection between the banks and the government. Cut them asunder at once and forever. The conservatives are a set of the greatest asses that ever existed, to seek a further union—and if the whigs think as they do, let them be adorned with the same length of auricular organ. As to the poor, plundered, robbed, dishonored merchants, they are more loco-foco than the loco-focos themselves, until, at least, the banks return to the principles of honesty, moderation, and patriotism. Nothing will cure the evils of the day, but a regular loco-foco legislature for one session and no more. One good such dose of calomel and jalap, as an out-and-out loco-foco legislature, will set us on our legs for ten years to come.

## Animal Magnetism.

In the Rev. Colonel Stone's Commercial Advertiser I find the following notice, which is also inserted in several of the other magnetic papers:

CONVERSATIONS ON ANIMAL MAGNETISM, with an Exhibition of the Phenomena, THIS EVENING, at 103 Liberty Street, by Messrs. ANDROS and BOYLE. Tickets may be had at the Bookstore of Mr. C. SHEPARD, 202 Broadway.

On Monday morning last, as I was passing down Wall Street, I met A. G. Thompson, Esq. formerly President of the Union Bank. With this gentleman, on several previous occasions, I have held long conversations on electro-magnetism, the wonders of which have been fully revealed to the world by Davenport and Cook. Mr. T. accosted me with his usual suavity in modo, and said "Mr. B. I have seen some remarks on animal magnetism in your paper."

I replied "I have made a few remarks." Mr. Thompson then went on, and gave me a narrative of some very peculiar experiments he had recently seen, which puzzled him much. They were experiments which had taken place in the city, and the lady who had made the revelations, while in a magnetic slumber, could not possibly know the persons or scenes she described.

I replied that the phenomena of mind were peculiar. So far as we know, mind communicated with mind only by sound, sight and touch. Yet, for any thing we know, there might be some other mode of communication, not yet discovered, and it is possible, that, by means of the same invisible essence which caused Davenport's wheel to revolve, one mind could communicate its impressions to another.

Mr. Thompson then told me that there was a lady at 103 Liberty Street, Mrs. Andros by name, who was a magnetic somnambulist, her husband Mr. Andros, the magnetizer. "If you have no objection," said he, "I will procure for you an interview with her, and let you see an experiment in the act. I am myself extremely undecided on the matter. You have a discriminating mind, and I should like to know your opinion."

"Very well," said I, "I will cheerfully accept the invitation."

"What hour this afternoon?"

"Let it be four o'clock."

"Four o'clock," said he. We then separated.

Precisely at four o'clock Mr. Thompson, with another gentleman, called at my residence. I jumped up, put on my hat, seized my cane, and sallied out. We walked in company down to 103 Liberty St., where Mr. Andros, the magnetizer, and Mrs. Andros, his wife, the magnetizee, both reside. Here one of the most remarkable experiments took place in the art of Animal Magnetism that I ever recollect to have heard or read of. Such an effect did the persons, occurrences, and whole scene produce on my mind, that I have not deemed it proper to divulge the secrets there revealed until I coolly reflected on them for several days at least. From my earliest infancy I have been a secular student in Mental Philosophy. At the age of seventeen, I once devoted a whole summer to the study of writers on Metaphysics. Steward, Reid, Hartley, Hume, Mallebranche, Des Cartes, Kant, and all the old and younger writers on the subject I have carefully studied many years ago. The phenomena of magnetism, animal, mental, or physical, is a great modern discovery, which will soon create a revolution in all science and all art. Since the discovery of Cook and Davenport, I have acquired more clear ideas on the nature of mind, and all its elements, than I ever had before. The experiment made on Mrs. Andros at 103 Liberty Street, in presence of A. G. Thompson, Esq., and three other gentlemen, have generated several conclusions in my view which the inquiring public ought to know. I do not wish to take away a solitary laurel from the "werry venerable brows" of Col. Stone, (as Samuel Veller would call it,) but his several pamphlets on the secrets of anti-masonry—the history of Matthias—the revelations of Maria Monk—and the wonders of Miss Brackett, ought to satisfy his ambition. I have also some important views respecting Col. Stone's powers of discrimination, and the philosophical culture of his mind.

Next week I will relate the interview I had in Liberty Street, and the kindly facilities furnished me by Mr. Andros, his amiable lady, the subject of the magnetic slumber. It was a most curious and remarkable interview.

How much money has the Clerk of the Court of Chancery in his hands, belonging to the deposit holders of the late Franklin Bank? Would he let the public know for the benefit of the depositors? or shall we probe it to the bottom?

Ladies—young married ladies—be economical. Do. Begin well. That's dear souls.

All dandies, who read this paragraph, will please to cut their throats. It will oblige me very much to record their suicides in the Herald. News is scarce.

## Masquerade Ball at Hoboken.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And this was the masquerade;  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A hundred beauteous eyes looked to the light,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

"Within a windowed niche" of a richly furnished room in Bleeker Street, on Thursday afternoon, sat a couple close together, hand locked in hand, who evidently lived but in the light of each other's eyes.

"They both were young, and one was beautiful."

Beautiful as a poet's dream in the spring time of his existence—pure as the snowflake ere it falls and takes the stain of earth—her rich ringlets flowing unrestrainedly down a neck that for whiteness would have thrown into the shade the poet's milk white Doe of Rydendale.

Fair she was as lily of June,  
Beauteous as the silver moon,  
When out of sky the clouds are driven,  
And she is left alone in heaven.

She had been weeping, but the joyous expression of her beautiful face as she caught the light of her lover's eye, told that it was for no selfish sorrow of her own—she wept for others' woes—and the tears as they trembled in her bright blue eyes, only made them look brighter and more beautiful, as the dew-drop adds lustre to the violet when enshrined in that sweetest of cells. She looked up for an instant full in the manly and frank face of him who sat beside her, and simultaneously bending forward her fair neck, and dropping her delicately veined eyelids, felt the latter pressed, ere she could prevent it, by the warm lips of her lover.

"For shame, Henry, you took advantage of my being absent, and shamefully stole that kiss."

"Nay, Eveline, sweetest and best of the bright beings that beautify this otherwise barren earth, I took advantage of your presence, not your absence, and stole it, and indeed, I could not avoid doing as I did. A lady's eyelids are always more tempting than her lips, lovely though they may be. You know what Willis says:

"There's nothing so sweet, for I've tried them all,  
As kissing the lids when the eyes are down."  
"Willis is a fop, and full of phantasies!"

"I wish I was like him."

"How, Harry—a sonneteer on a lady's shoe string, or her stay lace?"

"No, but like him the writer of some sweet poetry, and the husband of a sweet fair haired creature like yourself!"

She tapped him on the knuckles with a volume of Shelley, she held in her hand.

"Trifler! but let us contrive to reconcile George to poor Mary; will he be at the masked ball tonight?"

"I have his promise."

"Then I take dear Mary with me—dressed as a sister of charity; her truly fine figure will be seen to advantage, and no dress could be more in character, for she is the very soul of charity!"

And so saying Eveline retired to dress—drove round to take up sweet Mary S.—and away then all went across the Christopher Street Ferry to the pavilion in the Elysium Fields at Hoboken.

Notwithstanding the rain fell fast, there were by seven o'clock, at least fifty young and highly respectable persons present—all masked, and many dressed in character, with rich and splendid dresses; and the sweet strains of music sent forth in their best style by Brown's band, contributed not a little to enliven the scene.

George E.—was there, unconscious that he should meet with Mary S.—. They were old sweethearts, and had recently quarrelled. Mary, who is fond of dancing, was at a private ball, where she danced with a dark, handsome gentleman from Charleston; the latter was so pleased with her, that previous to leaving New York, he sent her an elegant toilet bottle filled with rich perfume, and a beautifully chased gold seal, introduced by the following pretty and appropriate lines:—

Accept dearest lady, the trifles I send,  
A tribute to beauty and worth;  
For they come with the best brightest wish of a friend,  
Though our friendship has scarcely had birth.  
Although it be folly to gild gold refined,  
Or to add to the perfume of flowers,  
Yet may bestow sweetness upon a sweet mind,  
With whom we have passed some sweet hours.  
And I may be forgiven for sending a seal  
To one who has worth in possession;  
For it tells what my tongue is forbid to reveal,  
That she's born but to make an impression.

The verses and the presents, in the innocence of her heart, she showed to George; he became jealous of quarrelled with, and left her; and knowing their mutual love, Eveline was determined to effect a reconciliation.

The dancing commenced. Mary sat alone admiring the fair form of Eveline as she glided gracefully through the cotillon. She was joined by a "fiancé of orders grey," whom she knew to be George;—he addressed her and solicited her hand in the dance. She consented; and stood up never looking more lovely, though her eyes were concealed by a half mask. The dance progressed—he was entranced. The dance was over. He still held her hand.

"Sweet sister, I pray you let us seek some 'cool grove or mossy cell,' where we may offer up our orisons together."

They left the room, and walked down to the river side. The rain had ceased—stars were shining. He burst out in a poetic rhapsody—

"And this is night—most glorious night,  
Thou wert not sent for slumber."

Sweet sister! in thy pure prayers be all my sins remembered."

"You have my blessing and my promise," she replied.

"Your hand on that," he added, seizing it as he spoke.

"Tis yours."

"Your heart."

"Was ever yours, dear George," she exclaimed, throwing herself into his arms and sobbing for joy.

He kissed off her tears, and turning, beheld Henry and Eveline, who had witnessed the whole scene. They went to supper with what appetite they could.

About midnight it was proposed to disperse, but this was over-ruled; some one exclaimed—

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!"

No sleep till morn, where youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!"

And the dancing was continued till day light, when the dresses were doffed, and knights, nobles, nuns and nobodies, all became plain citizens, and sought their separate homes, all delighted with the entertainment, which, we learn, is to be repeated in the course of a week or ten days, and of which we shall give a more particular account.

General Scott has requested the chance to finish the Seminole war and has been refused. He will have to go back and do journey work. The General stated to the Secretary that he had a right to finish the war, because it was within his department. The cook who spoils the broth has a right to spoil another kettle full. Eh?

The loco-focos have nominated Stephen H. Broome as a candidate for the State Senate. We wonder if these gallant fellows won't nominate Job Haskell or Alexander Wing to be toll-keeper at the gate of Hell. They can make both appointments with equal ease. Job already looks like the business.

DINNER PARTY.—The manager of the National gave a splendid dinner party at the Astor Hotel, the other evening. Particulars in this evening's Herald.

## From Washington.

[From our correspondent Talleyrand, No. XXXIV.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5th, 1837.  
After a four weeks' debate, Mr. Calhoun has been enabled to open the eyes of the Whigs, as to the future course of policy which he intends pursuing. And, to satisfy the representatives of this party in Washington, that they can expect no further assistance from him on party questions.

Mr. Calhoun is now fairly before the country as the professed advocate and supporter of the administration policy. And if this southerner's own assertion are to be credited, the charge of his apostasy from the principles acknowledged by the dominant party, is wholly without foundation in truth. By way of exculpating himself from the odium thus cast upon him by his whig friends, Mr. C. asserts, that his opposition in 1834, and a year or two anterior to this date, was confined exclusively to the administration of General Jackson, whom he then believed incapable to fill with credit his high and responsible station, and not to that party who elected him to office. In his argument on the 3d inst., relative to the new project of a sub-treasury system, Mr. Calhoun availed himself of the opportunity offered, by going over a greater portion of his political history, all of which he proved by data, was in conformity and strict keeping with the doctrines now advanced by Mr. Van Buren.

Mr. C. repelled with indignant severity the allusion made by senators on his political character. He animated with great power of eloquence upon the late personal remarks reflected against his standing by Clay and Webster, and indeed so bitter was his denunciation upon the course of the latter gentleman, that it was with much effort Mr. W. was enabled to retain his usual equanimity of temper to the ending of Mr. Calhoun's speech. Mr. Webster then attempted a replication. He wished to vindicate his character from the voluntary aspersion cast upon it by the senator of South Carolina. But it proved, after all the attempt, a lame affair. Calhoun had cornered too closely the Massachusetts giant, not leaving him room enough to fight in. Clay saw at once the delicate situation of his friend, and in going to his relief, fell into the same net, and before he had been able to extricate himself from his difficulties, the South Carolinian had stripped him of all his new earned laurels, by exhibiting a true and graphic account of C's political course for the last twenty years. In fact, Calhoun has proved himself the ablest man in debate now in the senate, and it appears from the delight with which he goes to work upon Clay and his friend, that until now, he has been out of his own element, and required a stimulus, such as this, to keep alive his wonderful powers. The senate, after a full attendance, and much wrangling, adjourned over until Monday next.

In the House, Cambreleng's resolution on the expediency of chartering a national bank, after much loss of time in debate, was passed by a vote of 122—93. Mr. Curtis, from your city, the loco-foco representative, voted in the negative. Will his constituents say of this violation of honor and political principle? The Treasury note bill is out of the committee, and before this letter reaches you, will likely have become a law of the land. The divorce bill was next taken up, and on motion of Mr. Cambreleng, it was referred to the committee of the whole on the Union. During the pending of the resolution, reported by the "ways and means," on the subject of a bank, Mr. Wise presented a long string of amendments which were given the go by. This enraged the Virginian, so he fell to work pell mell upon poor Cam and the whole administration party, and had it not been for the timely interference of some of his friends, there can be no judging the serious consequences that must have followed. The movements of Calhoun has upset not only the calculations of the whigs in the Senate, but in the House the most wonderful effects produced by it are daily developing themselves. Mr. C. and the President had a friendly secret interview on Monday last.

[From our Correspondent Retachid, No. L.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5th, 1837.

The Senate met this morning, had prayers, received a few petitions, and adjourned over to Monday next. In the House, Mr. Cushman called the previous question on the report of the committee of ways and means, declaring it inexpedient to charter a national bank. He was sustained, 102 to 101, the speaker voting in favor. The question was then put and carried, 122 to 91. The whole South Carolina delegation voted to sustain the committee's report. Inexpedient! A large hole for gentlemen to creep out when the necessity shall arise to charter such an institution.

The Treasury note bill is before the House, half past one, P. M. Rhett, of South Carolina, is in favor of amending so as to give the power to the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bills receivable in convenient amounts for a currency. These gentlemen's views are coming out gradually. They will yet be swamped in continental paper. Fletcher, of Vermont, did not like the Treasury note bill. It was unconstitutional. Hall, of Vermont, thought the contrary. Crockett, of Tennessee, has the floor at the time I am writing, calling up the spirits of the late revolution, and singing the old song of the opposition.

TROUBLES IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The revolution in the discipline and sentiments of the Catholic Church, in this diocese, the seeds of which we sowed last year, proceeds rapidly. Last night a meeting was held in St. Joseph's Church, of the several trustees of the churches in New York and Brooklyn, to take into consideration the conduct of Bishop Dubois and his ignorant clergy, who have been, for the last few years, tyrannical, overbearing, insolent and aristocratic. Bishop Dubois, Doctor Pise, and others of the penny priests of our Holy Church, have been endeavoring, for some time past, to create a religious oligarchy in this republican city—an oligarchy more despotic and silly than that of Rome in her worst days—when the business of his Holiness was only to embroider petticoats for Saint Agnes. On the contrary, the great body of sensible Catholics are determined to revolt and to declare their religious independence.

The meeting last evening, was the beginning of a movement that will not close till the whole American Catholic Church be effectually purified and made independent. Next week we shall give a full account of the present state of Catholicity in this diocese—the history of their difficulties, with interesting personal sketches of Bishop Dubois, Doctor Pise, and all the religious clique of fanatics.

"Adelaide," who asks me whether I actually received the letters, called "intellectual magnetism," which I recently published from several ladies, may rest satisfied of their authenticity. If she will tell me where to send the originals I will convince her. Whether the writers of the letters were sincere in their sentiments, is like animal magnetism, yet a matter of doubt to my mind. Anna, Mary, Susan may be sincere, but anonymous feelings, though I respect them for the resemblance they bear to truth, yet I never trust them—no, for a moment. I am not a very credulous chap—neither am I altogether a seepie in love or religion. I don't know who "Adelaide" is, but this I know, one that can write such a note as she does, so accurate and so delicate, I could take her fair hand and impress upon it the kiss of truth and purity. It is a singular fact that of all conversations and letters I daily receive, those written by females are always the most correct and beautiful in grammar, orthography, propriety and sentiment.

LAY IN YOUR WINTER COAL.—To do this cheaply, I have chartered a sloop to bring round from Philadelphia a whole cargo of the best anthracite. It will cost me \$8 per ton at the wharf. At the coal yards here it is \$9.50—thus saving about \$60 for the winter season—enough to pay my tailor's bill for a whole year—besides buying bouquets for the young ladies, with their sweet smiles and delicious dimples, who make their own dresses, and break the milliners, in this year of our Lord, 1837.

BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET.—Mr. Russell who keeps the flower garden near the Military Garden, in Brooklyn, has presented us with a very beautiful bouquet, formed of flowers of his own raising. He intends to raise a beautiful opposition to "Laurel Todd and his bairns" in the way of gardening.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAIL ROAD.—In the midst of the late revulsion, Capt Stockton, of the above company, went to England to negotiate for a loan of \$1,000,000 on the credit of the stock of that institution. With the aid of the Barings, Mr. S. succeeded to get 150,000 sterling, about \$750,000, at the reasonable rate of 4 per cent interest for a term of years. This loan is now coming into the foreign market in the shape of exchange.—Newark Daily Ad.

We cut the above article out of the New Era yesterday. It is a passage stolen from our original Wall Street reports, and is now circulating over the country, to the credit of the "Newark Advertiser." Almost every day, the loafer prints around us, from the Courier down, are thus republishing paragraphs, sentences, and thoughts, said to be from country papers, but in reality pilfered from the Herald. The truth is, the Herald is the great intellectual granary of the whole country, and all the other editors only rats, stealing a thought here and a passage there. We must invent a new rat trap one of these days.

GRAPES.—If you want to get a basket of rich, ripe grapes, call at 207 Front Street, and ask for Underhill's real Isabella, of Grassy Point. He has sent us a basket, and they are exquisite.

LATEST FROM NEW ORLEANS.—[From our Correspondent—Sept. 29th.]—The city is rapidly regaining its health. There were, today, 30 deaths, including all disorders—a week since, they ranged from 69 to 85, which is the greatest number who have died in any one day this season. Dr. Kelly says that on the fifth of next month there will not be a case of yellow fever in the city.

The theatres open on the 5th Oct.

Why does not Doctor Chabert send a basket of "cold wittals," a couple of bottles of sour wine, or perchance a pair of old breeches, to the man who annoys him through the twopenny Express? That would quiet the hungry fellow at once.

BEGINNING OF THE FASHIONABLE SEASON.—A splendid private soirée was given in Canal Street, the other evening, the first of the season. Cards, dancing, tableaux, all the amusements of the evening. At card parties now, only shin plaster are played for—and even then some issue on the spot their own shinplasters. Great changes this season in fashionable affairs.

FANNY WRIGHT delivered a lecture on commerce last night to a crowd of loafers and loafresses in Masonic Hall—some of the latter pretty and neatly dressed. I don't like Fanny now—she is getting old, and would look better in breeches than in petticoats. Young women for me. I go King David. Many whigs attended. She was quite eloquent, but snuffy. Particulars in this evening's Herald.

The shipplaster associations in Wall Street have purchased up the Evening Star, the Transcript, the twopenny Express, the Era and other penny prints. "Cold wittals" are very good to hungry ill fed dogs.

## MONEY MARKET.

Friday, Oct. 6, 6 P. M.

Foreign exchange on England opened today, for the next packets, to sail on Monday, at an advance over the closing rates of last week. Messrs. Prime & Co. put up the British government bills to 117—private bills of unexceptionable quality were offered at 115 to 116. Little of either description has, however, been taken. There is some doubt whether these rates can be sustained. We suspect it is the last effort in the face of a falling market. No doubt seems to exist of the passage of the Treasury note bill, and as soon as the securities of the government come into the market in abundance, the effect on exchange must be felt.

We hear nothing further of the financial movements of the United States Bank, or the other agencies projected in this city. Mr. Jaudon has published his farewell correspondence in Philadelphia, and will sail for Europe in a short time. Whether Mr. King, of the house of Prime & Co. has finally made up his mind to follow in his wake, is doubted in several quarters.

Another reason is bandied to explain the rise of exchange. The stocks of British goods are now low, in consequence of the remarkable diminution of importations since February last. The solvent merchants, those that sustained themselves through the revulsion, and singularly enough, more of those who suspended or were extended, are now buying foreign exchange in small parcels, to send out in purchase of foreign goods, merely to complete their assortments.

In domestic exchange there is a little activity—and it is gradually coming back to some degree of system or order.

New York on Philadelphia, 14 1/2 dull.  
" " Baltimore, 15 1/2 dull.  
" " Richmond, 15 1/2 dull.  
" " Charleston, 4 1/2 dull.  
" Savannah, 5 dull.  
" Mobile, 6 sale—plenty.  
" New Orleans, 6 sale—plenty.  
" Cincinnati, no quotations.  
" Montreal, U. C. 4

These quotations are made in reference to New York bank paper as the standard. If we add the difference of specie and city paper to each rate, at 5 to 10 per cent, we shall then have the exact rates of exchange in the legal standard of value. In many of those distant cities, the relations of paper and specie are very fluctuating. On the 23d ult. specie was quoted in Mobile at 20 to 25 per cent above Mobile paper—yet according to the rates of exchange here, the difference is only 13 to 14 per cent.

The exchanges between New York and the South, are thus gradually coming into some kind of a system, but the exchanges between New York and the western states are still in a great state of disorder. Money has been lying in deposit at St. Louis and elsewhere, since the month of February, for the want of some mode of remittance. From New Orleans round to Charleston, cotton has become the basis of some order in the exchanges, but until the crops of the north western states can be realised either at New Orleans, or in New York, we cannot expect any order or system in the exchanges between this city and the north west.

Since we first published the statement of the Messrs. Josephs it has been very generally republished in our contemporary prints, some accompanying it with complimentary and unmeaning remarks. Towards the Messrs. Josephs, personally, we have the highest regard, as men, as gentlemen, as citizens—but on looking at the statement of their affairs, we divest ourselves entirely of all personal feelings, and only treat the publication as a bunch of striking facts—as a remarkable document developing the nature of the commercial system which exploded in March last.

We have now authentic statements from the three large London houses in addition to that of the Josephs, and we may add, several facts showing the condition of the American houses in Paris—and also the large cotton houses in New Orleans.—The American foreign trade of 1834, 5, 6 and 7, formed a chain extending from New Orleans, through Mobile, Charleston, New York, Liverpool, London, to Paris. As soon as the Bank of England began its curtailments in July or August, 1836, the whole chain began to shake, and in the spring of this year one third of the pile came into ruins. Now, in order to guide the past we must study the future. In May last, the three London houses published statements of their affairs—giving us the aggregate amounts of their assets, liabilities and surpluses, in the same manner which the Josephs have done. By throwing these statements into a different form, and comparing them with the Josephs for the purpose of comparison, we reach the following results:—

	Liabilities.	Surpluses.	Capital.
T. Wilson & Co., London,	\$8,311,560	\$1,500,000	\$700,000
T. Wiggins & Co.,</			